The Motto thus: *Sic ſpectanda fides.*

The ſixt Knight.

King. And what's the ſixt and laſt, the which the Knight himſelfe with ſuch a gracefull courteſie deliuered?

Thai. He ſeemes to be a ſtranger: but his Preſent is
A withered Branch, that's onely greene at top;
The Motto, *In hac ſpe viuo.*

King. A pretty morrall; from the deiected ſtate wherein hee is, he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flouriſh.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better then his outward ſhew can any way ſpeake in his iuſt commend: For by his ruſty out-ſide, he appeares to haue practiſed more the Whipſtocke, then the Lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a ſtranger, for he comes to an honord triumph ſtrangely furniſht.

3. *Lord.* And on ſet purpoſe let his armour ruſt
Vntill this day, to ſcowre it in the duſt.

King. Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs ſcan
The outward habite, by the inward man.
But ſtay, the Knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallery.

Great ſhoutes, and all cry, The meane Knight.

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to ſay you'r welcome, were ſuperfluous.
I place vpon the volume of your deeds,
As in a Title page, your worth in armes;
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
Since euery worth in ſhew commends it ſelfe:
Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feaſt.
You are Princes, and my gueſts.

Thai. But you my Knight and gueſt,
To whom this wreathe of victory I giue,
And crowne you King of this daies happineſſe.

Per. Tis more by fortune (Lady) then by merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is yours,
And heere, I hope, is none that enuies it:

In

In framing an Artiſt, Art hath th
To make ſome good, but others
And you her laboured ſcholler:
For (daughter) ſo you are, here
Martiall the reſt, as they deſerue

Knights. VVe are honoured

King. Your preſence glads ou
For who hates honour, hates th

Marſh. Sir, yonder is your p

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. *Knight.* Contend not ſir, for
That neither in our hearts, nor o
Enuie the great, nor do the low
You are right courteous Kni

King. Sit, ſit, ſit.
By *Ioue* (I wonder) that is King
Theſe Cates reſiſt me, he not tho

Thai. By *Iuno* (that is Queen
All Viands that I eate do ſeeme
Wiſhing him my meate: ſure h

King. Hee's but a country ge
Then other Knights haue done,
Or ſo; let it paſſe.

Thai. To me he ſeemes Diam

Per. Yon King's to me, like to
VVhich tels me in that glory o
And Princes ſat like ſtars about
And he the Sunne, for them to r
None that beheld him, but like
Did vaile their Crownes to his
VVhere now his ſonne like a G
The which hath fire in darkneſſe
VVhereby I ſee that time's the
For hee's their Parents, and he i
And giues them what he will, n

King. VVhat, are you merry,

Knights. VVho can be other i

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND